

Which 1400. yeeres agoe were nail'd,  
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse:  
But this our purpose is but twelue months old;  
And bootlesse 'tisto tell you we will goe.  
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare  
Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmerland*,  
What yesternight our Councell did decree,  
In forwarding his deare expedience.

*West.* My Liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set downe  
But yesternight, when all athwart, there came  
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;  
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,  
Leading the men of *Herfordshire*, to fight  
Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
A thousand of his people butchered:  
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shamelesse transformation  
By those Welsh-women done, as may not be  
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

*King.* It seemes then, that the tydings of this broyle  
Brake off our businesse for the Holy-land.

*West.* This match with other like, my Gracious Lord,  
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,  
Came from the North, and thus it did report:  
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there  
Yong *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,  
That euery valiant and approved *Scot*,  
At *Holmesdon* met, where they did spend  
A sad and bloody houre:  
As by discharge of their Artillery,  
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:  
For he that brought them, in the very heate  
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,  
Vncertane of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,  
*Sir Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,

Stain'd

Stain'd with the variations of each soyle,  
Betwixt that *Holmesdon*, and this seate of ours;  
And he hath brought vs smoothe and welcome newes,  
The Earle of *Dowglas* is discomfited,  
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights  
Balkt in their owne blood, did sir *Walter* see  
On *Holmesdon* plaine: of prisoners *Hotspur* tooke  
*Mordake* Earle of *Fife*, and eldest sonne  
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,  
Of *Murray*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:  
And is not this an honorable spoyle?  
A gallant prize? Ha, Cousin, is it not? In sayth it is:

*West.* A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

*King.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st mee sinne  
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumberland*  
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne,  
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue,  
Amongst a Grove, the very straightest Plant,  
Who is sweete Fortunes Minion, and her pride,  
Whilst I by looking on the prayse of him,  
See Ryot and dishonour staine the brow  
Of my yong *Harry*, O that it could be prou'd  
That some night-tripping *Fairy* had exchang'd  
In cradle cloathes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine *Percy*, his Plantaginer,  
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and hee mine:  
But let him from my thoughts: What thinke you, Cuz?  
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Prisoners,  
Which he in this aduventure hath surpriz'd,  
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word,  
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

*West.* This is his Vnkles teaching, this is *Worcester*,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects:  
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp  
The crest of Youth against your dignity.

*King.* But I haue sent for him to answer this:  
And for this cause a while we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

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Cousin,